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It is "Some are going."
It is "The Church, together with its love and
kindness, shall be glad to have you."
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kindness, shall be glad to have you."
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Conducted by Mrs. J. B. Gambrell

MINE

I closely held within my arm,
A jewel rare,
Never had one so soft and pure,
Engaged my care.

Twice mine, who else could care for it,
God gave it me,
But the dear Master came one day,
My gem to take.

"I cannot let it go," I cried,
"My heart would break."
"Nay, but the Master comes for it,"
To hear above.

To deck His royal diadem,
He comes in love.
"But, Master, it is my treasure,"
My jewel rare;

"I'll safely guard and keep it pure,
And ever fair."
"If thou keepst this gem," He said,
"It may be lost."

The threshold of my home no thief
Has ever crossed.
"And where the heart's rich treasure is,
The heart will be."

Your jewel will be safe above,
From before thee.

The Master said these words and came,
With glowing face,
While in the early light of dawn,
My gem He took.

Clothes that breast that warm I held,
Tears falling fast,
An empty casket—the bright gem
Was gone at last.

Yes, Master, thou mayest keep my own,
For it is thine,
Safe in the house not made with hands,
Thine thine and mine.

Mrs. J. B. Gambrell, Home School, Miss.

Editorial.

That Day.

Every hour in life finds one making some decision. It is often done unconsciously, but, nevertheless, a decision either to do something or else to leave it undone is made. If we are walking the street on the way to a friend's, if there be two ways, we must make a choice. From the time the child can crawl till death stamps "finis" on earthly life it is one succession of choosing and refusing, and even in the refusing an actual choice is made. Some way may be chosen in life to avoid outward conflict—i.e., a conflict with others—but some conflict must be in the mind, else why a choice? It is not for us to consider why the mind acts thus, why these wrestling matches between judgment and inclination must come up over and over; it is enough to know that it is so. Responsibility inheres in the idea of choice. One cannot possess the power of choosing without being responsible for the results that by a natural sequence follow that choice. One does not need to know what the result of a choice will be to be held accountable for the effects of that choice. If one chooses a poison, no matter how earnestly he may believe the poison will benefit him, he must suffer the natural effect of the poison. If one chooses a road which is unsafe he must take all the dangers on his way. It is not infrequently said by the careless, "I am not making any choice now; I am merely drifting with the tide of circumstances," but this "drifting" implies a choice which folds the hands away from our and sail and leaves one still responsible for being at the mercy of the waves.

Every day we stand where two ways meet, willing or unwilling we make our choice all the same, and in making the choice we lay upon our souls the burden of the wrong or the light and glory of the right. If the right way is chosen verily there will be "no small stir about that way," or as our new version has it, "concerning that way." The people of God never make a special effort for the salvation of souls that the devil does not send his emissaries right in their midst to thwart their plans and render their efforts abortive. The love of money forms the most fertile soil for the seed of opposition to germinate in. The enemies of all good are not truthful enough to acknowledge that it is "hatred of the Christ" which inspires their opposition, nor will they own that it is the love of money that helps in the expression of this hatred. It is called "patriotism," "philanthropy," "being public spirited," etc., but it bears upon its front, "rebellion against God and His Son." Today as in Ephesus there is an uproar, some crying one thing and some another, and the mob are united in one thing—hatred of Christ and His followers. Then, the mob cried, "Greet us Diana of the Ephesians," and urged on by the Silver-smith's union.

Today, we have unions no less vindictive in their hate, as ready to lead the rabble, and as unscrupulous in their means of stirring up the people against Christ and His followers. Alas, that every day of Christ's followers should be footed into any of Satan's unions by the specious reasoning of his

emissaries, yet it is sometimes done. It is useless to name these unions one by one, unless one is hopelessly blinded by the fog of this world, he can discern the true nature of these in spite of their pretenses. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man but the end thereof is death." Of what avail is it that it seemeth right; does it change the end? No. That way may be chosen and pursued without opposition. There is an easy-going time for a while, but the end is sure, death. The way, the right way, lieth straight across passion, prejudice, scorn and pride, it must needs antagonize them all. Of course we cannot walk in it without making a stir. It is the way of wisdom, it is the path of peace; but it must always arouse the enmity of those who walk not therein. Shall we cease saying, "there is the way, walk ye in it," because some cry "great is Diana of the Ephesians"? Behold, our God is a great God; the earth is his and the iniquity thereof. Why, then, should we fear the rabble crying out in favor of their idols? Does some faint-hearted Christian say, "I love peace and I keep quiet lest I raise a stir"? Oh, weak one, it is indeed you love the Prince of Peace, but not brave enough to hold your peace when he is assailed! The rabble followed Christ and cried "crucify him, away with him, crucify him." It is enough for the servant that he is his Lord's.

M. T. G.

Selected.

Mr. Bingle's Old Coat.

"Splendid!" said Mrs. Bingle, pulling the collar up and skirt down, and setting the pocket-laps, as Farmer Bingle tried on his new overcoat. "Real silk velvet collar!"

"Yes, and such a piece of cloth! Forty-five dollars for the whole thing!"

"What are you going to do with the old one?" asked Jim.

"It's a good coat yet," said Mrs. Bingle. "Sam'll be grown into it by two years more."

"First-rate coat, but—I was thinking of giving it to Parson Graves. You see it'll go on my account for the year, and I won't have so much to pay on my salary."

Mrs. Bingle measured with her eye how much Sam would have to grow before fitting well into the roomy coat, and decided it might last at least three years, in the course of which time, added to the seven during which it had been doing duty on Sundays and great occasions, it might begin to look old-fashioned, and Sam might object to wearing it, that young gentleman having already begun to develop a taste for clothing which came reasonably near fitting him. So it was agreed that Parson Graves should have the old overcoat.

Accordingly, on the next Saturday, when the farmer with his wife was about to drive into the country town, he asked at the last moment:

"Now, where's that coat?"

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Bingle, "I've been so busy over that butter and eggs, I didn't clear for it. Sally, Sally!" she ran into the house calling to the servant girl who helped in the kitchen, "run up to the spare chamber and take that overcoat that hangs there, and some of those papers that lay on the shelf, and wrap it up well and bring it to me."

Sally brought it, and the huge bundle lay in Mrs. Bingle's lap as she rode.

"It is a good coat," she observed half regretfully, smoothing with her finger a corner of the cloth which peeped through a hole in the paper, and again revolving in her mind the possibility of Sam's growing into it in two years. "Sam won't be likely to get any ready-bought coat half as good as this."

"Like as not he won't," agreed the farmer, "but never mind. It's more blessed to give than to receive, you know."

The Bingle household awoke the next morning with the impression that something of an event was impending in the family, which impression became, with full wakefulness, defined into the remembrance that the new overcoat was to be worn for the first time on that day. There was, however, no undignified haste nor trifling in the matter. The morning chores were done, morning prayer conducted with time-honored leanness, and then the farmer leisurely shaved himself, as usual, at one of the windows of the great kitchen, before saying, in as indifferent a voice as he could command: "Jim, run up stairs and get my overcoat."

Jim went, but delayed until his mother had put the last touch to the box in her bonnet-strings, a process which was almost invariably interrupted by her husband with remarks that they would be late for church, before he was heard shouting:

"I can't find it!"

"Where are you looking?"

"In the closet in your room."

"It's in the closet in the spare chamber," called his father.

Another long delay, and then Jim came back without it.

"I tell you it's on one of them pegs in our closet," said Mrs. Bingle. "I'll go myself. It's dark and he can't see, but it's there, for I put it there myself."

"No," said Mr. Bingle, calling after her, "it's in the spare chamber closet. I put it there."

She was heard stepping briskly from one room to another, then back again. Then down the stairs, when she stood before them in silence, on her face blank consternation, and on her arm—the old overcoat!

"When did you hang it there?"

"I don't know—the day after it came, I guess. The old one always hung there, so I took it down and hung the new one there."

Mrs. Bingle sank into a chair.

"It's gone!"

"Gone to Parson Graves!" The boys stared open mouthed, unable at first to take in the calamity.

"But you can get it back again," said Jim, said hopefully.

"Self-same!" said Sam. "You can tell Parson Graves that it was all a mistake, and it was the old coat you meant for him, and of course he'll change back."

But the farmer shook his head ruefully.

"No, that won't do. It's done, and it can't be undone," he said, with a groan. "Don't one of you never let on about it's been a mistake."

The family and the old coat were late at church, thus missing the entrance of the new coat, but it lay over one arm of the little sofa in the pulpit. And Farmer Bingle never could recall a word of that service through which he sat, trying to bring himself into some friendly recognition of the fact that he had presented his minister with a forty-five dollar overcoat, which he could not hope to have counted at anything near its full value on his yearly assessment. "Who ever heard of a country parson having such a coat?"

"Jings! don't he look fine though!" ejaculated Sam, as Mr. Graves came down the aisle.

"And don't Mrs. Graves look set up?" said Jim.

"Enough to make any woman proud to hang on to a piece of cloth like that," said Mrs. Bingle.

Mr. Bingle was unwhitening his horses as Mr. Graves came out of the church door, and did not at first raise his eyes as he listened to the remarks passing around.

"Bless me! what a fine looking fellow our parson is anyhow! Where on earth did he get that coat?"

"Must have had a fortune left him."

Mr. Bingle could not help a feeling that the coat had been well bestowed, as its wearer came to meet him with outstretched hands and a few quiet though very earnest words of acknowledgment of his gift. The coat had fitted the farmer well, but there was something more than the mere filling out of good cloth in the minister's dignified bearing; and in the scholarly face which appeared above it, something which stirred up a feeling in many members of the congregation that this servant of the Lord had not hitherto been clothed in a fashion worthy of his high office.

"That's a shabby old hat to wear with it," said one of the village store-keepers. "I'll see about that before another Sunday comes round."

As Mr. Bingle felt the grasp of his pastor's hand he began almost to be glad he had given the coat. And then, as the fact of his having given it was whispered about, to feel ashamed of receiving so much credit for an act which he never could have thought of performing. For an honest and really warm nature lay under the crust of parsimonious selfishness which had hardened over his heart, as it has, alas, over so many which might overflow in deeds of kindness to bless those who have given not grudgingly, but their whole selves to the Master's service.

"I feel like a liar, yes I do!" said Mr. Bingle to his wife, with an energy which startled her, as they rode home. "To have that man shakin' me by the hand, and talkin' about my generosity, and his wife's eyes beamin' up at me, and me not able to right out and tell 'em I'm a grudin', tight-fisted old—I tell you what!"—he gave his horses such a vigorous cut with the whip that Jim and Sam, on a backless seat of the bob-sleigh, nearly went over backwards into the snow—"I've got to get even with myself somehow, but I don't know just how yet."

It was astonishing what a commotion Farmer Bingle's gift created in the parish. Not one eye had failed to mark the justice done by Mr. Graves' goodly figure to the goodly garment, and with an awakening pride at the possession of such a fine looking pastor came a desire to see him thoroughly well equipped, which desire found

expression in such a visitation at the parsonage as had never before been dreamed of. Cheap goods and cast-offs were ignored in the generous supply of winter comforts which each giver made sure would be in keeping with the new overcoat, and the wives and mothers had seen to it that Mrs. Graves and the children should look fit to walk beside that tailor-made-up piece of cloth.

Mr. Bingle had smiled with a tight in his eyes which came from somewhere under that broken crust, at the set of furs which his wife had carried to Mrs. Graves that night. But in the early gray of the wintry morning after he, with Sam's help, quietly unloaded in the back yard of the parsonage a firkin of butter, the same of land and six barrels of his best apples, packed for market.

"A good forty-five dollars' worth if I'd carted it a half mile further," he said to his wife with a face that shone as he sat down to breakfast.

"And not a soul heard us," said Sam, rubbing his hands in glee.

"Wish! I could see 'em when they find out!"

"Now I'm even," said the farmer. "And I'm blamed if it wasn't the best day's work I ever did when I give away that coat to mistake!"—The Standard.

How to Keep Boys on the Farm

Prof. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural Farm, says: It is natural for parents to prefer that their children should follow the same business or profession that they themselves follow. This is likely to be true of shoemakers, merchants, millers, carpenters, etc. Farmers are no exceptions to this rule. Farming, when well conducted, is a good and pleasant business. If our sons and daughters do not like it, there is almost always some good reason for their dislike.

If you want to make your son like his business, place him in responsible places, trust him, consult him about the work he has to do. Let him do part of the thinking. Give him nearly the sole care and responsibility of something on the farm, the fowls, the pigs, some of the stock, some of the crops, or garden, or part of it. Suppose he does not do everything just as you would; advise him. It is much better that he should fail while he is yet young and has time to learn under your training; than not to try or fail till he gets into business for himself. By treating children in this way they will have more interest in their work, and be more likely to succeed when they start for themselves. Do not make slaves of your children.

Too many of our most promising farmers—farmers who are called the most successful—send their children to work every day as they would send an ignorant, without any idea of or reasons for so doing.

For want of proper training in this respect, many a young man has grown up without mental discipline. He has been able, with much help, in an incredibly short space of time, to run through all that his strong-minded father left him. Twenty years ago I knew such a man. His farm was called and known as perfection for a long distance around. He had a son who is to-day living in sight of this old farm. He owns only a poor span of horses, and is living from hand to mouth; and very poor living he gets at that. The fine estate slipped easily and rapidly from the hands of the man who had no skill to manage it, because he had never been placed in responsible positions while he was a boy. So too often one generation makes money for the next to squander. In laying up comfortable fortunes for our children to waste, we are doing them a great injury. Better by far to spend more of our time in giving them a proper discipline to manage well. Then, if they are healthy, in most cases, they only need a little steady work to make them well off in the goods of this world.

Let farming be conducted on thorough business principles, as manufacturing and commerce are, and ever have been, and it will be more attractive, both to boys and men.

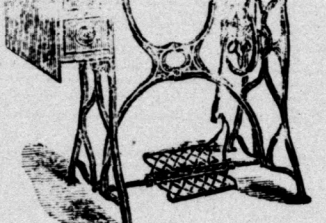
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Freight No. 5—Going North.

Leaves Grenada..... 2:50 a.m.

Arrives at Memphis..... 2:25 p.m.

Mail No. 2—Going South.

Leaves Memphis..... 12:35 p.m.

Arrives at Grenada..... 5:29 p.m.

Freight No. 6—Going South.

Leaves Memphis..... 6:40 p.m.

Arrives at Grenada..... 8:50 p.m.

Natchez, Jackson and Columbus.

Going East—Mail leaves Natchez 2:30 p.m.

Arrives at Jackson 8:30 p.m.

Going West—Mail leaves Jackson 7 a.m.

Arrives at Natchez 1 p.m.

Illinois Central.

Going North—

No. 2—Mail pass Jackson..... 6:05 p.m.

4—Express..... 12:40 a.m.

8—Way Frt..... 6:15 a.m.

Going South—

No. 1—Mail pass Jackson..... 10:35 p.m.

3—Express..... 3:40 a.m.

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Leaves Vicksburg..... 7:45 p.m.

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Arrives at Meridian..... 10:20 p.m.

Accommodation, Going East—

Leave Vicksburg..... 2:40 p.m.

Clinton..... 4:30 p.m.

Arrive at Jackson..... 5:00 p.m.

Mail, Going West—

Leave Meridian..... 10:20 p.m.

Clinton..... 3:40 a.m.

Arrive at Vicksburg..... 6:30 a.m.

Accommodation, Going West—

Leave Jackson..... 7:40 a.m.

Clinton..... 8:07 a.m.

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